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(BRANCH OFFICE)

916 G STREET, N. W.
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TITLE PAGE

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✓ DYNAMITE SMITH ✓

A photoplay in seven reels

Directed by ^{Ralph} ~~Thomas H.~~ Ince ✓

✓ Story and Continuity C. Gardner Sullivan ✓

Author of photoplay Thomas H. Ince Corporation, U. S. ✓A. ✓



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SEP -9 1924

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"DYNAMITE SMITH"

Gladstone Smith was a mild, inoffensive young man who hoped to tiptoe quietly through life without attracting anyone's attention. He lived a monotonous, orderly existence under the methodical ministrations of his meticulous Aunt Mchitable. His one passion was reading "heavy stuff," as a rule - books of travel or biographies. The only adventures he had ever had were along the Highway of Words. The only women he had ever known were the heroines of the printed page. His daily dissipations were a pipe of tobacco and a glass of sweet cider as he sat under the big-bellied kerosene reading lamp, his nose in a book, after the evening meal. A very old young man, indeed.

Promptly at seven he went to his job - which was doing book reviews and "covering" high-brow lectures for a San Francisco morning paper. The author explains that he is one of those men who have no business in the newspaper game, but are always in it. He was gently ridiculed by the staff, who secretly stood a little in awe of him because of his great learning. The office boy, who loved to upset his dignity facetiously dubbed him "Dynamite" and the name stuck.

One night everything seemed to break loose at once. A big fire, which threatened the whole wharf, a suicide, robbery and what not. By the time news came over the telephone of a knifing on the Barbary Coast (this was in 1898 before the quake), the city editor hadn't a man to send out. In desperation he sent Smith, and "Dynamite" rushed out, all a-flutter over his "first assignment."

Smith arrived at "The Diamond Cafe" a tough saloon and dance-hall, just in time to see "Slugger" Rourke, the proprietor, throw another reported out "on his ear." Wary, but determined not to fall

down on his first assignment, Smith maneuvered around and met "Violet" faded, jaded "entertainer" in the cafe cabaret; and she, having a "hate" on her husband, the "Slugger," told Smith "what had transpired" there. In return, she asked him to meet her at the Chink's place across the street the following afternoon. Her plan being to unburden her heart and see if he could plan a way by which she might escape from her husband.

v At the appointed hour Smith found himself at the Chink's restaurant, with some vague idea of interviewing Violet as to an "actress's" career. He was shocked beyond measure by her recital of the cruelties practised on her by her husband; but before he could think of a way out, the "Slugger" having been tipped off by one of his henchmen, appeared to confront them.

In his hand was a morning paper with an account of the stabbing written so pointedly that the word had gone out from "Headquarters" that "The Diamond Cafe" must be closed. Having identified Smith as the writer of the article, the "Slugger" proceeded to "take it out of his hide." and then gave the hapless Violet a terrific beating for "shooting off her face" to a reported.

The next night Violet, with a beautiful "shiner" dragged herself to the Chronicle office and asked for Smith, who had accounted for his black eye by a tale of encounter with the bed post. This tableau afforded the staff much merriment. The embarrassed Smith eased his guest out into the hall, where she told him she only came to warn him that the "Slugger" had sworn to kill them both. And she pleased with him to leave town, and take her with him, influencing him further by telling him that the stork was flying toward her and

and that her husband "hated kids." She claimed to have an Aunt in Alaska, so Smith, with the horror of the "Slugger" fresh upon him, packed hurriedly and booked passage for himself and "sister."

There, in the great white wilderness, the "Slugger's" son was born; and for a few months Violet was supremely happy. But the ordeal of motherhood, combined with short rations and the hardships of an Alaskan winter proved too much for her. She died, at the very moment the vengeful "Slugger" was mashing through the last lap of his pursuit.

Smith "saw him first," however, and, seizing the baby started through a howling blizzard on the long trail to "White City." By almost superhuman effort he reached the town, and was barely able to gasp that the people back in the Pass were starving before he lapsed into a long delirium. He and the baby were both cared for by Kitty Gray, owner, cook and waitress of "The Frosty Cafe."

When Smith recovered, he found himself a hero. The expedition sent to the sufferers in the Pass reached them in time, and they felt that they owed their lives to him. The townspeople decided to confer upon him their highest office- that of Sheriff. To crown this happiness, it dawned upon him that the fair Kitty looked with favor upon him. He made so bold as to kiss her, and they became formally engaged. It had been reported that Rourke had perished in trying to trail him, so there was no cloud upon his sky.

It developed, however, that Rourke was rescued and thawed out by a friendly Indian. In the spring he appeared in White City, posed as Smith's best friend, and went to live in his cabin, the while secretly tormenting him and keeping him silent by picturing what the townspeople would do to a "wife stealer," if found out. He cast greedy eyes upon Smith's fiancée. And there ensued within Smith a tremendous battle with the cowardice which

- 4 -

urged him to flee for a third time. He resolutely made his stand and resolved to settle with the "Slugger," come what might. In a tremendously dramatic scene he rid himself of his tormenter. When his story was told, frontier justice acquitted him, and Lovebound him with his golden chains to the lifelong service of sweet Kitty Gray.

SEP -9 1924

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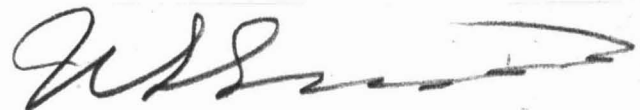
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